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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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THE CAROLINA SPARTAN. BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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From Graham's Magazine for May.

SOME OF THESE DAYS.

BY WALTER GRIEVE.

I had a royal estate upon the Mississippi, about a hundred miles above Orleans, managed by a man who was both a treasure and a curiosity; for he was entirely competent, entirely devoted to my interest, and supremely honest. He must have been purposely created to take charge of my business. I think he was convinced of the fact—was proud of it, and believed that Fate and Nature had constituted him special guardian to my helpless self. Then I had bank stock and wharf property in Orleans, which paid me a great income. Christian Corke's nephew—a merchant there—collected it and paid me half-yearly. I had nothing to do even in my own affairs. You have seen some people on whom every body waits, and whom the world will not let help themselves. Well, it seems I am one of that sort. Everybody waits on me.

My father and mother slept under their marble slab among the orange trees. Once I had a wife, long ago. Her little ring glistened under the orange trees, too. There was no one to control me, not even dear old Aunt Deborah, who was my only near relative and who kept my house, because she did not know what that boy George would do without some one to look after him. In her eyes I was human perfection, and she waited on me more than the rest.

My own master, an ample fortune, and nothing to do—what a trinity of qualities. I read everything, from romances to polemics—from baguettes to science—from poetry to politics—rode, hunted, fished, loaded, and knew society from Boston to Orleans. I felt very comfortable, and was perfectly satisfied with my world as it was. I had reached the mature age of six and twenty without committing matrimony—worse still, had never tendered heart and hand to any one, and what some will think the height of atrocity, had seen no one to whom I had ever felt inclined to make the proffer. Was not this behaving badly? Aunt Deb evidently thought so. True, she never openly expressed the opinion, but for some time she had "kept up a mighty hinting." As time passed, her hints grew stronger. One evening she unmasked her guns, and opened their battery upon me.

"George, do you know you were twenty-six last week?" said the old lady, looking under her spectacles at me, as I lay on a couch in the back parlor, teasing Una and reading Juvenal.

"I have a vague idea of the fact, aunt Deb. All the servants came for presents, and you had dinner enough for a regiment. That looked like a birthday, somewhat."

"You are getting old fast, George."

"Yes, aunt Deb, at the rate of one year every twelve months. But that's about the average, isn't it, not?"

"George, it is time you were married," said the old lady, with evident effect, laying aside blank cartridges and shooting her guns.

"What for, auntie?"

"Why, everybody gets married. Don't you intend ever to be married, and do like other people?"

"Well, I reckon so, aunt Deb, some of these days."

"Some of these days, indeed! Why not now, George?"

"Well, aunt Deb, if I was married, I would have to be married to somebody, I suppose, and I am sure I don't know any one whom I want, and no one shows a great desire for me."

Whereupon, my good aunt, with most praiseworthy industry, passed in review before me the whole catalogue of her young lady-acquaintances—old and young—thin and fat—long and short—blonde and brunette—expecting on their merits as she brought them forth, as a shopman would show and recommend his wares, indulging in that fine belief, universally entertained by old lady relatives, that her nephews George had only to designate a preference, and the favored fair one would at once recognize his right of election, and be but too happy to take charge of his keys. But I would not select one; but on the contrary declined them all. Aunt Deb looked quite sad. She would have been angry if the thing had been possible, but it was not so; bidding me a mournful "goodnight," she betook herself to her room.

"Good-night, aunt Deb," I replied to her adieu. "Don't be uneasy, I'll get married, just to please you, one of these days."

"What should I get married for, I wonder," soliloquized I, after auntie had gone. "Married! Bah, twenty years hence will do for that. But not now, not now—some of these days—and trimming the light, I stretched myself again upon the lounge in the back parlor, and went on with Juvenal. After awhile the servants came in, lighted up the front parlor brilliantly, ornamented it with a profusion of white flowers, and went out without saying anything to me. By and by persons, most of whom were strangers to me, entered and ranged themselves about the lighted room. They had a sort of expectant look, and conversed in low tones—none of them came into my room, said anything to me, or in any way recognised the fact of my existence, though

they could not very well help seeing me. I was rather surprised at this, but supposing it was one of aunt Deb's church arrangements, with which I never meddled, lay still, waiting to see what would turn up. Presently a strange minister, whose long white hair floated freely over his still ruddy face and sacerdotal robes, took his stand at the end of the room, and almost at the same moment six couples entered, and approaching him, filed off to the right and left. This looked marvellously like a marriage was to take place. Several of the gentlemen were my own friends, but I did not know one of the ladies. It was high time that I should know what sort of ciphers were about to be cut, so unexpectedly to me, in my own house; so, laying down the Juvenal, I patted Una on the head to keep her quiet, and was about to advance towards my company, when I saw aunt Deb standing at the door of the room I was in, beckoning to me. As a matter of course I went to her, feeling sure that she understood and could tell me the how and why of this strange procedure.

"Brownie is waiting for you, George," said aunt Deb, in a low tone, as a young lady in bridal dress and veil stepped through the door, and stood before me.

She was indeed lovely. Hair of that rich, lustrous brown, which is the most beautiful in the world—a clear semi-brunette, with a nut-brown tint mingling with the warm blue in her cheek—a large, full, dark blue eye—a little active figure, yet round and exquisite in proportion, and a mobility of feature, which telegraphed in the face every feeling as rapidly as it entered the heart. She was such a woman as I had never seen before, and cannot remember that I had ever imagined. Instinctively I extended my hand to her, and when hers met mine there was something in its clasp wholly new to me. It seemed to wrap around mine, and the two hands as it were to be absorbed by each other. Almost unconscious of what I was doing, and controlled by some influence, I know not what, I placed her hand upon my arm, and, with my eyes fixed on her, we advanced to the minister and took our places before him. The solemn marriage ritual of the Episcopal church proceeded, made more solemn still by the deep pathos of the old bishop's voice, and I, George, pledged my faith to her, Brownie, under the solemn sanction of the church. I lifted her veil and pressed my lips to hers. I had kissed bright lips before, many a time, but never as now. There was something there, I have often since striven in vain to know what, the memory of which will cling to me forever. It seemed as if a new soul was entering into my soul, and mingling with it, and thenceforward my being was to be different and dual. I was about to fold her in my arms, to take her as mine, as a part of myself, when a strange smile came across the old bishop's face, and separating us with his hand, he said quietly:

"Not yet, George, not yet. You are hers, and she is yours; but you must love her much more, and wish for her much longer, before you can possess her."

I objected and argued in vain. To all I urged the bishop replied only with this strange, cold smile, while the bridal cortège closed round my wife, and slowly followed the bishop from the room, leaving me astounded and half stupefied in the middle of the floor. Aunt Deb closed the procession. As she passed out of the door she stopped a moment, faced round to me and said, with a queer look on her face—

"Some of these days, George, some of these days!"

The lights went out one by one, leaving me there. The night air grew chill and damp around me. Una whined piteously and rubbed herself tremulously against my knees, till she half roasted me from my stupor, and I went out to my chamber, puzzled, pestered, and sadly out of humor. I thought over the awkward position in which I was, as well as my confused faculties would permit, and finally went to sleep, with a distinct determination to find out in the morning whether I was really and legally married to Brownie, and if I was, to have her back in spite of all the bishops in the universe.

"What's the matter now?" I exclaimed, half asleep, as I found myself roughly shaken.

"Time you was getting up, Mass. George. Bofe bells din ring. Miss Deb, she dun bin waitin' breakfast for you long time—she say, please cum," grunted Jim, a young ebony of a dozen years, whom the butler had taken to keep in the dining room.

"Is Miss Deb at table?" yawned I.

"Yes, sir, she is so, been dar ever so long; I reckon she dun sot down and got up again a dozen times. You ain't sick, nor nothin', is you, Mass. George?"

"Who else is at table with her, Jim?"

"Der ain't nobody else. Der ain't nobody else far to be dar, cep'tin you. Git up, Mass. George."

"Where are all those people who were here last night?"

"Well, dere warn't nobody here, as I knows on, cep'tin you and Miss Deb. Mass. George be cum up to the house arter sunset, but he never cum in. All dem people—well, I declare, you's dream again, Mass. George. Git up for you git fast asleep."

Dreaming! Well may be I am, but I'll soon see; and, making my toilet as rapidly as I could, I went down, determined to know upon what sort of pretence aunt Deb had ventured to entrust me into matrimony with a lady I did not know, and then to spirit her away as soon as I was married. Before going to the breakfast room, I went to the front door and examined the turf of the lawn. There was no trace of wheels either upon the grass or carriage-track, and when I went in, the old lady was sitting at the head of the table, looking just as she always did, innocent, simple hearted, and as good as she could be.

"Aunt Deb," I asked at length, "what became of you when you left the parlor last night?"

"What is that for, George?" queried the old lady.

"Going somewhere, ma'am," I replied, dutifully.

"Going to see Brownie, George?"

"Certainly, aunt Deb, where else should I go?" and I went on packing my trunk with the determination of finding Brownie if she was above ground, and of marrying her if I did find her. It was a beautiful

spring day when I set out and began to steam up the Mississippi, spending a few days with this friend, and a few more with that, until at last I found myself on the Ohio river, at a pretty town upon the Virginia shore. As the Ohio river mail boat came along, I took passage in her, intending to go to Pittsburg, strike across the country eastward and perhaps go to Cape May or Saratoga, or wherever else chance might lead me. As I stepped on the boat, in the dusk, I met an old college mate, and lighting a cigar from his, stood near the gangway talking to him without entering the cabin, until between ten and eleven o'clock, when the boat stopped at the Wheeling pier.

"Clear the gangway there, gentlemen—out with the mail bags. Hurrah with the baggage there, boys," shouted the mate. "We are two hours longer than we can help. Push on now with your ladies, sir, everybody's ashore but you; hate to hurry you, but carry the mail and 'hind time."

"As the ladies spoken to were hurried past, a low voice, which seemed very familiar to me, said,

"I hate to leave this boat, for I know he's on it."

"Pshaw, coz, you're foolish. You'd have seen him if he had been, and you say you will know him."

"Yes, I know he's here."

I stepped forward to see who they were—at that second the plank was drawn up, the lashings thrown off, and the boat began to sheer from the wharf. At the same moment the ladies turned to look at the boat. The lamp fell full on their faces, and there stood Brownie on the pier.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "I go ashore here."

"Too late, sir," sung out the mate, "couldn't stop now, sir, for the President marry."

"Why, Brownie, of course."

"Brownie! Who is Brownie? Brownie who?"

"Why, the lady that—I can't tell you the rest of her name just yet. Aunt Deb, all I can tell you is, that I shall be married to her."

"When, George?"

There was a poser—when? Exactly the thing I would like to know, but I did not; and all I could do was to repeat what the aunt Deb of my dream said: "Some of these days." Aunt Deb looked at me dubiously, and asked me no more questions then. But, though she was the best old soul in the world, she still was remotely descended from Eve, and it was hard to know that a wedding was on the carpet and have her imagination stop there. So, in the next week, at odd times, she tried to get at Brownie's history, and asked where she lived; whether her parents were living; how long I had known her; when our arrangement commenced; why I had never visited her more about it, and when I was to visit her. On all these subjects I had to fight very shy, but made up for it when aunt Deb wanted to know if she was handsome, for there I was fully posted, and gave the old lady a full length portrait, which threw her in ecstasies.

Things went on as usual for two or three months. Though it was only a dream, Brownie had become to me a real being, my household friend, every-day companion, and pure divinity; somebody to sit with, and talk to—I cared nothing for female society, and when, as was not unfrequently the case, I found myself among ladies, my strong tendency was toward drawing comparisons between them and Brownie, weighing them in the balance and finding them most lamentably wanting.

One bright afternoon in the early spring, I was sauntering along the street in Mobile, lazily smoking a cigar, and thinking about Brownie, when I was met by a party coming up. Seeing people close to me I raised my eyes, and there to my astonishment and joy, stood Brownie herself before me. All went beside myself with happiness, I sprung forward and clasped her in my arms. She threw hers around my neck, and our lips met with the same warm, clinging kiss, which made our bridal salute. Brownie was a living, sentient being. We had really been married. They had taken her from me, and I had been fool enough to let them do it, and let aunt Deb, the old sinner, make me think I had been dreaming. Well, I had her once more, and I'd like to see any body separate us again.

"Oh, Brownie, dear Brownie," said I, kissing her again and again, without thinking for a moment what the passers by would say. "I have you now, my dear, sweet little wife—"

"Not yet, George, not yet. Some of these days," and there stood that confounded old bishop, with his strange smile and silver tones. He put his hand on my arm and unbound it, with the other hand lifted Brownie into a carriage, and, leaving in after her with an activity surprising in so bulky a man, drove off. But he was not able to elude me so, and, as the carriage started, I made a desperate spring after it and caught the door with my right hand. There was a wild shriek, and I found myself hurled with violence to the ground. I gathered myself up and looked around. I was not in Mobile but in the back parlor. Confound it, I had been dreaming again. When I sprang after Brownie, my foot came down upon Una. Her yelp was the shriek I had heard. Her struggles upset me. For aught I know I may have been hugging and kissing the sofa instead of Brownie.

Aunt Deb found me packing my trunk.

"What is that for, George?" queried the old lady.

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"What makes her nervous this evening, does she expect a declaration?"

"I do not know that she does; but she has been saying, for the last two hours, that he is here, and they are to meet now at last. 'Tis the strangest notion that ever got into a clever girl's head, and as you know there's no mistake about her being clever."

"Very smart woman, indeed; unusually so—but tell me all about that. I've heard of some queer notion she had about somebody, but never could get at the story. Tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Last winter, somewhere about the first of December, we were down at Uncle Harry's, in Mississippi. Coz and I used to sleep together. One night about two or three o'clock she woke me up, 'Betty,' said she, 'I'm married; and they've taken me away from my husband, or him from me, and you don't know how miserable I feel!'"

"I knew she had been dreaming, and supposed she was only half awake then; so I thought I'd talk to her, find out her dream, and laugh at it in the morning, for she always cared less about beaux than any girl I ever saw; so, said I,

"Well, that's a pity, coz. Was he handsome?"

"Yes, Betty, he was the handsomest man I ever saw; at least, I think so."

"Did you use to know him, coz?"

"Never saw him before they married him to me. But, oh, Betty! I do love him so dearly! Where is he?"

"He'll be back presently, I reckon. What was his name?"

"George."

"George who? What was his other name?"

"I don't know"—and, sighing wearily, she turned over and went to sleep again.

"In the morning I jested her about it, but she took it very gravely. She said she had been married to George, and he had been separated from her. She loved him very dearly, and knew she would be his wife one of these days; but she wished she could be there. Well, every now and then she would talk to me about George; but, except being able to describe him very minutely, she could tell nothing of him; seems so confused she cannot get it straight in her own mind."

"That is rather odd. Does she think she would know him again if she was to see him?"

"Certainly; and more than that, she says she knows when he is near her, and has seen him twice. In the spring, she insisted that he was on the boat with her, and after we got on the wharf declared that she saw him, and he knew her at once. About two weeks ago she said she saw him pass in the cars, and that he knew her again. Now she says he is here to night. She is very anxious to see him, but feels very nervous about it."

"What do you think of all this?"

"I don't know what to think," said Miss Betty, gravely. "If any one else were to talk so, I should think they were crazy. But I know she is not crazy. I wish I knew what to think. What is your opinion of it?"

"Merely the effect of an over-excited imagination. In her dream she has recalled to her memory the face of some person she had seen, perhaps in childhood, and seeing the persons you allude to for only a few seconds, she saw in them a real or imaginary resemblance to the face. Those cases of excited fancy are not uncommon, even in very sensible people."

"Excited imagination—thunder!" muttered I. "Brownie's here now," and with eager eye I scanned the crowd, moving through it as well as I could, until I got near the dining-room door, through which most of the ladies entered the ball-room. Presently I heard a voice. I knew it was her's at the first word. I looked under the arm of a huge man before me, and there was Brownie, in all her glorious beauty, leaning on the arm of an old gentleman. My heart beat—every pulsation sounding through me like the clang of a sledge-hammer. Presently her escort left her for a while, and lifting the huge man out of the way, I extended my hand to her, and could say nothing but "Brownie!" Her face turned white as marble, and then the red blood rushed back to it. She only said, "O George!" but her soft, small hand met mine with the same encircling, absorbing clasp. I looked round to see that no one was noticing us, drew her out of the door, and throwing over her head the first scarf I laid my hand on, we wandered through the long dining-room into that glorious old portico which runs the whole length of the building. Among that old portico we walked that night until the hall was thinned, and the last dancer left, and the band put up their instruments in their green bags, and went—nobody knew were; and when, at midnight, I bade her good night at her cabin door, she was my Brownie and I was her George.

I am writing in the old back parlor, and at the table with me sit Brownie and aunt Deb, while upon the carpet, all mixed up into one, are Una, and little Brownie and George, Jr.

A HIT AT BARNUM.—It was announced sometime since that Barnum was preparing an immense gutta percha ball—hollow—in which to make the descent of Niagara Falls. This gag to humbug the public is well hit off by the following announcement:

PROGRESS.—There is at present in operation near Boston a jumping locomotive which only touches the ground once in a mile. It is perfectly round, the machinery in the centre, and is coated externally with India rubber. So soon as the patent has been secured, its proprietor supposes that thousands of them will be seen "bobbin' around" the world, so that to the man in the moon the earth will look like a big cheese covered with "skippers." Who denies that this is really a "fast age?"

Some one calls the time of squeezing the girl's hands "the palmy season of life."

The Cotton Trade of the World.

The Secretary of State has presented to Congress some comprehensive and valuable tables, exhibiting the amount of the cotton trade of the world for the last five years, with the various tariff duties and custom house regulations. These statistics show the important part the United States perform in this trade. This country has exported an average of more than a thousand million pounds of cotton in each of the five years past, of which quantity more than seven hundred million pounds went to England, and nearly two hundred million pounds to France, from which this latter Government derived an annual revenue of nearly three millions of dollars. The amount of cotton exported in 1855 was—to Great Britain, 679,498,259 lbs., free of duty; to France, 210,113,809 lbs., duty of \$3.72 per 230 lbs., in national vessels, and \$6.48 in foreign vessels, duty paid \$2,939,300; to Spain, 33,071,795, duty 97 1/2 cts. per 102 lbs. in national vessels, and \$1.85 in foreign vessels, duty \$265,296; to Russia, 448,896, 18 3/4 duty for 36 lbs., paid \$47,018; to Hance Towas, 30,809,991, duty paid, \$25,795; to Belgium, 12,219,523, free; to Austria, 9,761,465, free; to Sardinia and Italy, 16,087,064, different rates; to Mexico, 7,527,079, duty \$1.50 on 101 lbs., paid \$103,118; to Holland, 4,941,414, free; to Sweden and Norway, 8,428,437, different rates; to British North American Provinces, 883,204, free; to Denmark, 209,186, free; to Cuba, 9,620, duty paid \$2,355; to Portugal, 144,006, duty paid, 10 cents; elsewhere, 270,822. Total amount exported in 1855, 1,003,424,601 pounds, which, at an average price of eight cents per pound, would produce the sum of \$80,273,968.08.

The annual average importation of cotton from all countries into England, the last five years, has been 838,335,984 pounds, of which amount, according to British authorities, 661,629,220 pounds, or more than three-fourths, were from the United States. 715,525,296 pounds is the usual consumption in Great Britain, the rest is exported to the continent. About six-sevenths of the cotton received at Liverpool comes from the United States; four-fifths are estimated to be imported for the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The number of spindles in operation in England is estimated at more than twenty millions. The value of cotton supplied by the United States to Great Britain, in 1855, was \$57,618,749, being about the average each year the last four. About one-tenth of the cotton imported from the United States is re-exported from England, while nearly one-half of that imported from British India is never used in her factories, but is sent away. These facts are significant of their relative value. American cotton is estimated as one hundred per cent. superior to that of India. Cotton constitutes in value more than two-thirds of the domestic exports of the United States to France. Next to the United States, France derives her supplies of cotton from the Levant, and the third place is held by South America.

There are at present in Russia, or there were previous to the war, 495 cotton factories, employing 112,427 operatives, and producing annually 40,907,736 pounds of yarns and corresponding amounts of textiles.

Before the breaking out of the late war, the manufacture of cotton in the Russian empire was progressing with extraordinary activity. The number of spindles exceeded 350,000, producing annually upwards of 10,800,000 pounds of cotton yarns. The barter trade with the Chinese at Kiachta stimulates this branch of manufactures in Russia, as the article of cotton velvet constitutes the leading staple of exchange at that point for the teas and other merchandise of China. In former years this article was supplied almost exclusively by Great Britain, but the Chinese prefer the Russian manufacture, and hence the steady progress of that branch of industry. Thus annually increasing importations of the raw material and constant diminution in the quantity of cotton yarns imported is accounted for. Were raw cotton admitted, as in England, free of duty, the United States would most probably supply, in the direct trade, the whole quantity consumed in that empire. As it is the commercial reforms in Russia, already announced officially and now in progress, comprehending, as they do, the establishment of American houses at St. Petersburg, must necessarily tend to that result.—South Carolinian.

The Evening Post's Washington correspondent has the following items:

"I have already mentioned, among Mr. Brooks' testimonials for his recent achievement, the live-oak silver topped cane business in Charleston, which is said naturally to prize above the others on account of the superiority it manifests to local prejudice on the part of the donors.

"Let me mention another, which came by Adams' Express, purporting to be the gift of 'The Alleghenies of Virginia.' This consists of three well pronged hickory sticks, each marked with a card attached, on which are these words: 'For occasional use.' Mr. Brooks, as I understand, is instructed by the givers to present one of these canes to Mr. Sumner, one to Mr. Wilson, and one to Senator Wade, of Ohio. For some reason, however, the consignee has not complied, possibly regarding the request as a joke not worth carrying out. What action the injured Senators will take to obtain the property remains to be seen.

"Mr. Brooks still receives threatening letters at the rate of from ten to sixteen by each mail from the North. Some of these missives give him twenty-four hours to prepare for death. Some are anonymous, or signed 'An Old Member of the House,' others have the name attached in full."

Mr. Jaycocks changed his boarding house, the other day, because his landlord would persist in bringing sausages home in his hat. Mr. Doyle left